



ANALY ANNUAL

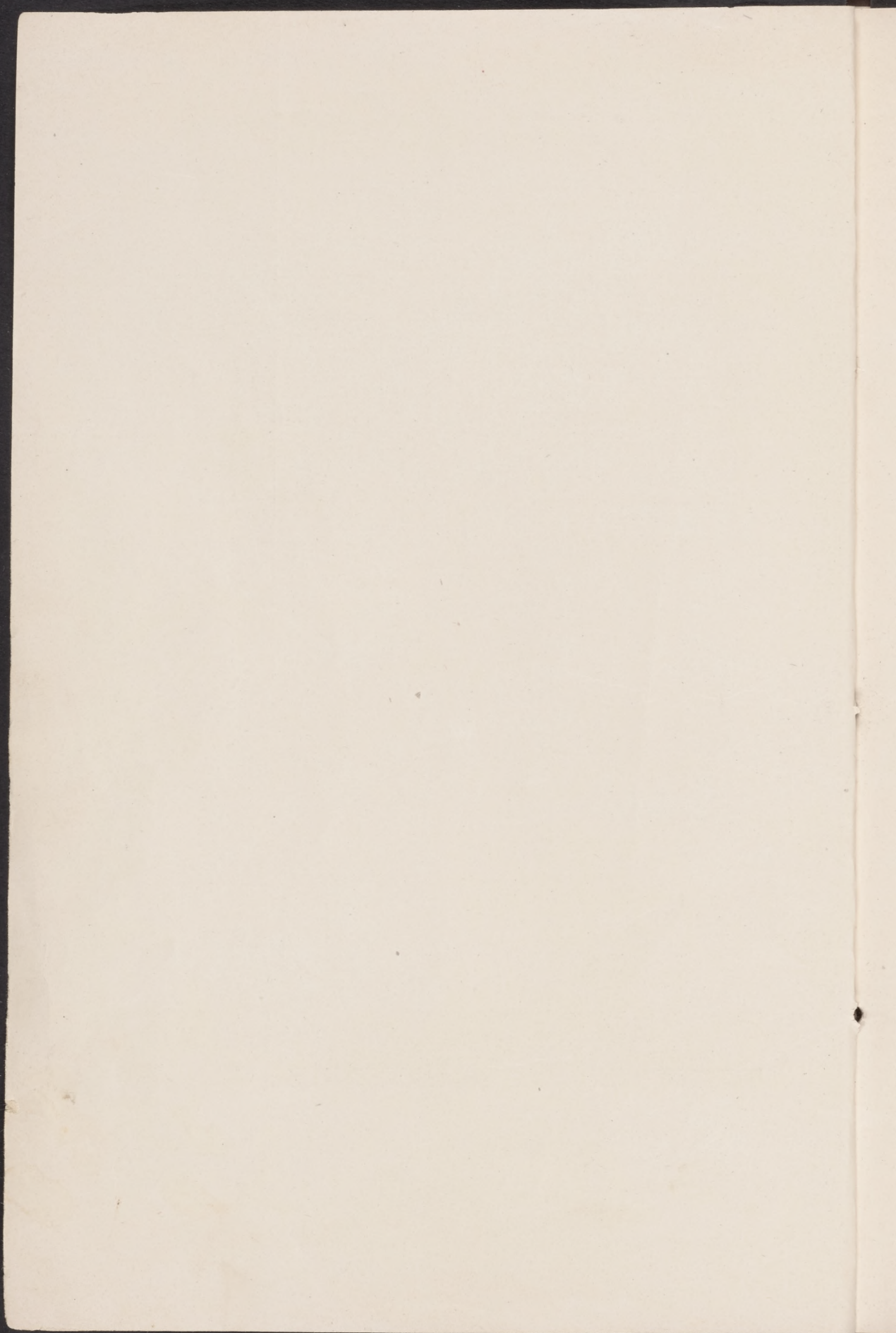
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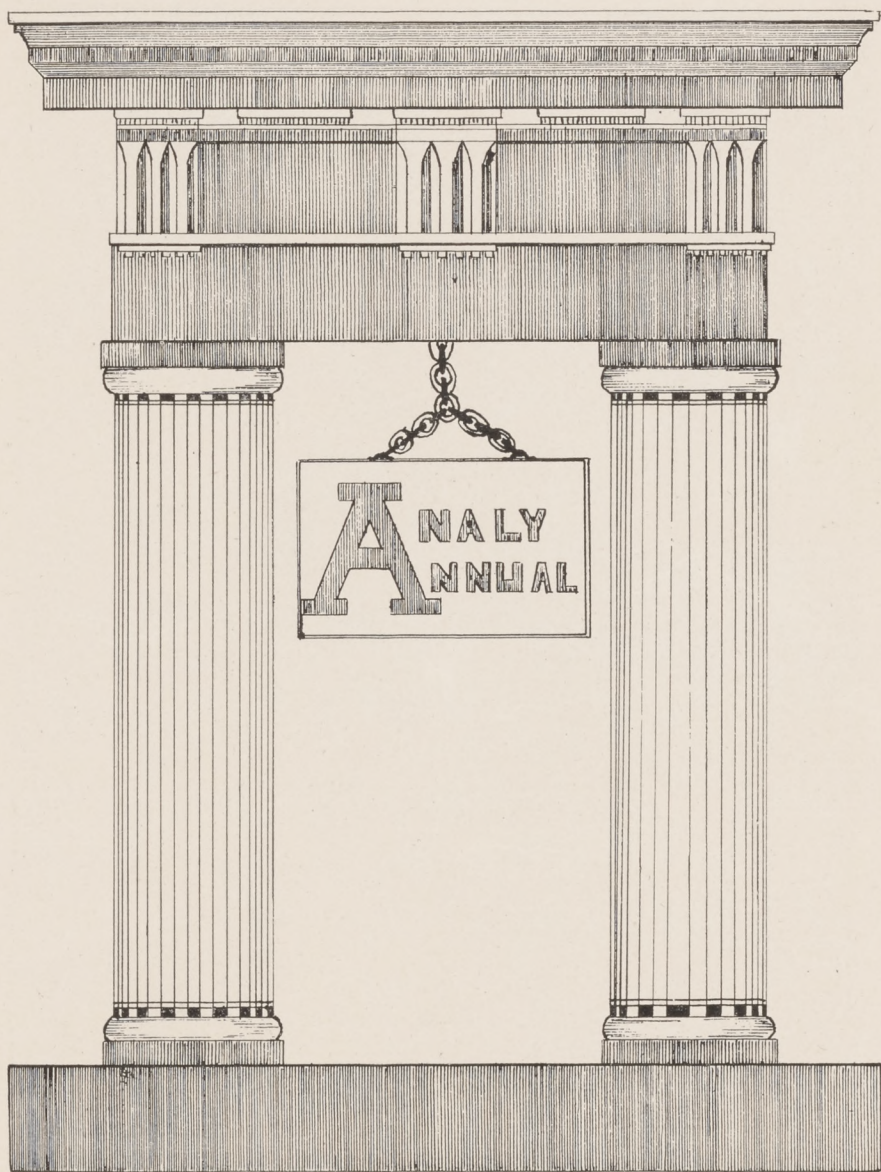
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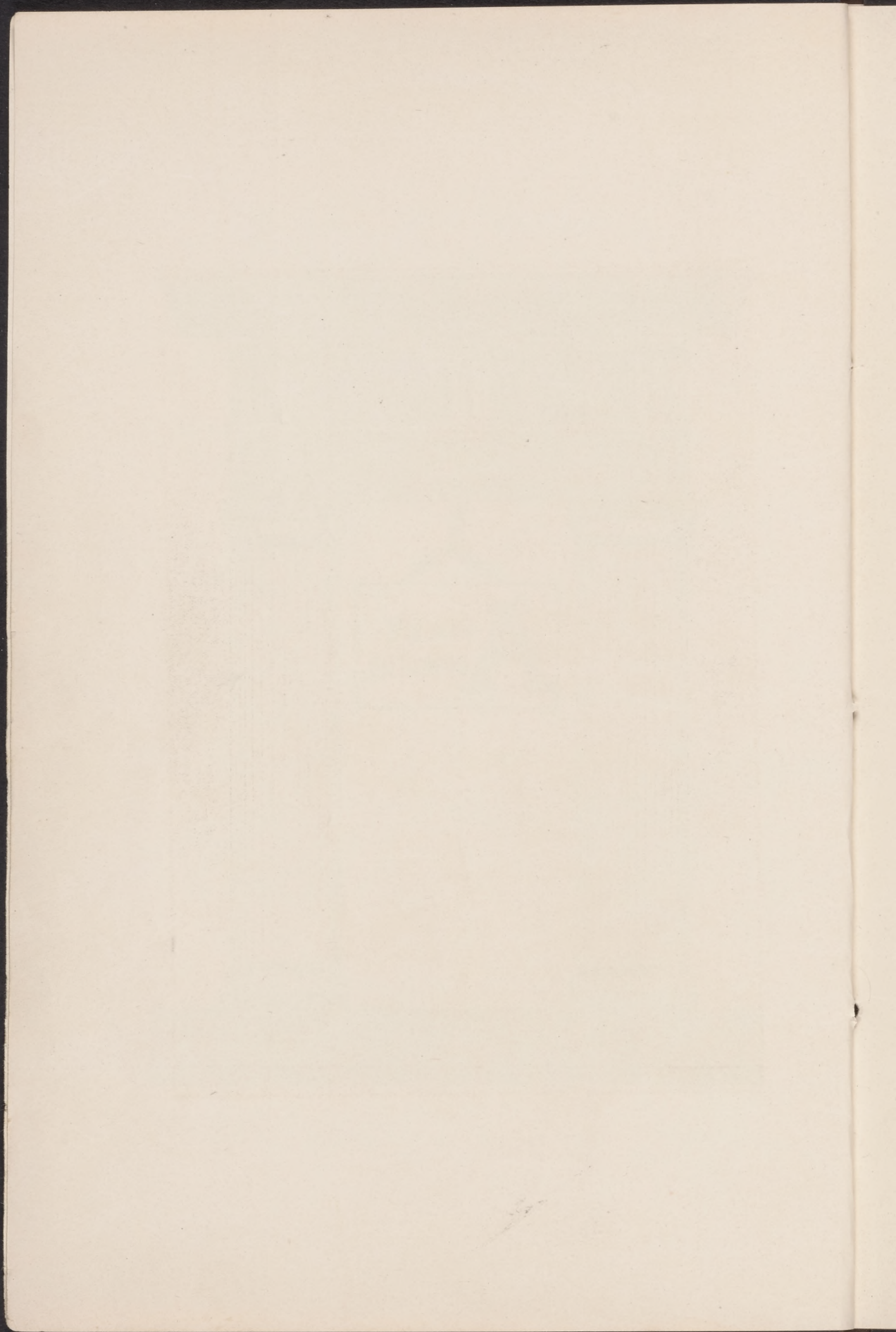
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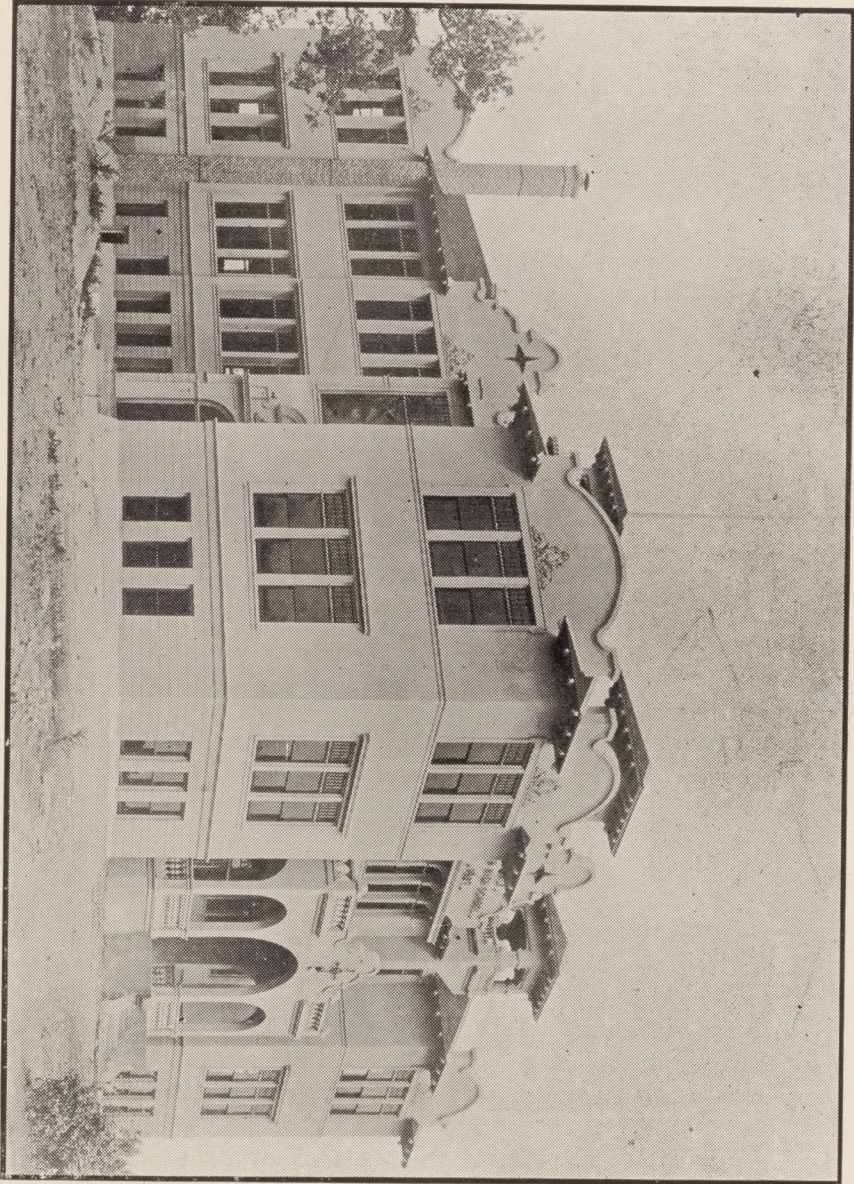
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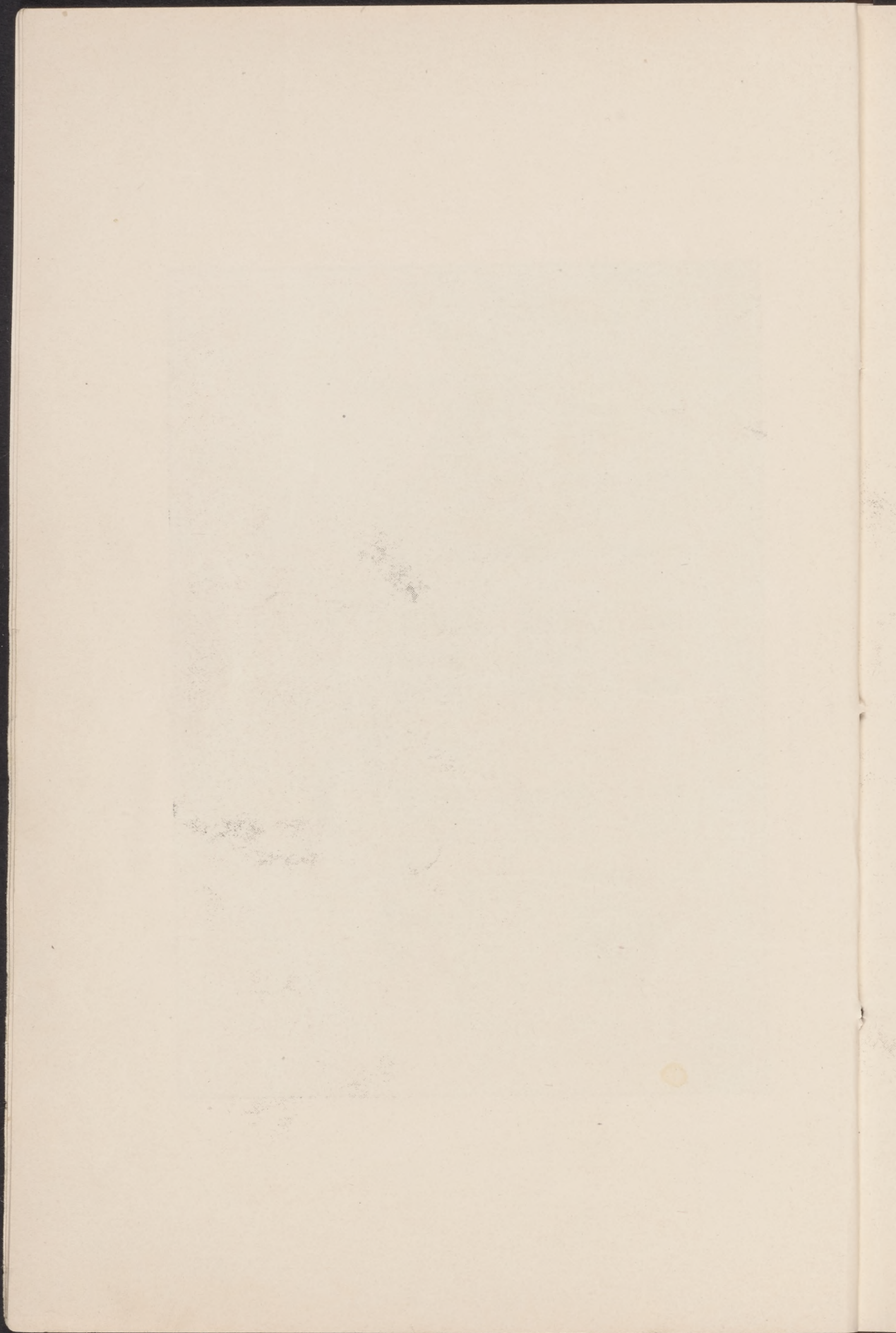








ANALY UNION HIGH SCHOOL, SEBASTOPOL CAL.



To the
Faculty
of the
Analy Union High School
this issue of the
Analy Annual
is dedicated with
Loving Gratitude

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Faculty



J. E. Williamson

Geometry and Agriculture

Gyman Hartford

Commerce

J. C. Perigo

History, Drawing, Physics

Edith Tracy

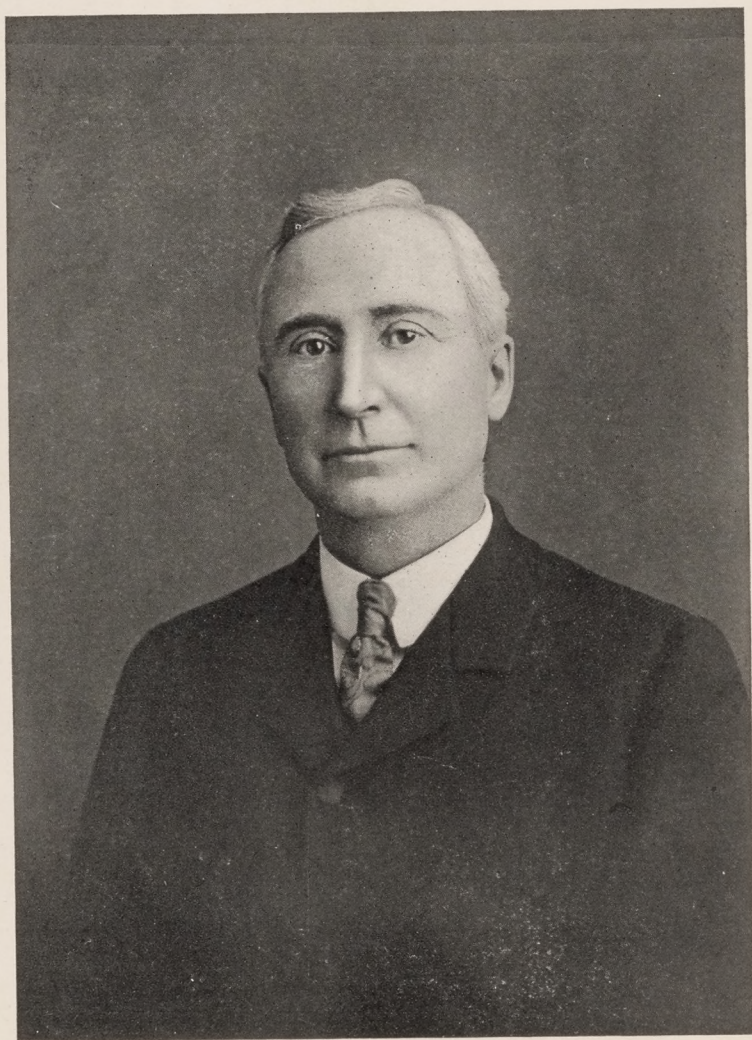
German, Physical Geography, Hist.

Florence Smith

Latin, English

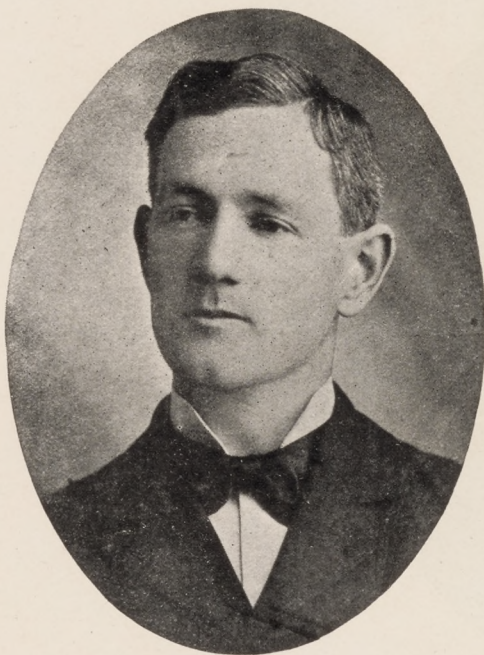
Elizabeth Kinnear

Science



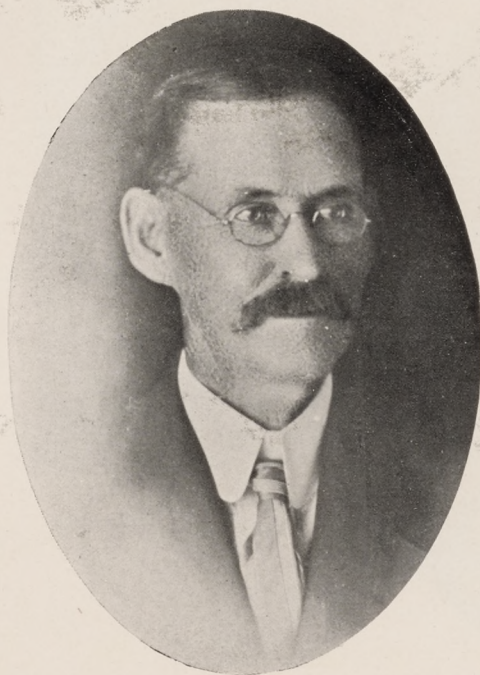
J. E. Williamson, Principal

Miss Florence Smith



Lyman Hartford

Miss Elizabeth Kinnear



J. C. Perigo



The Lure of Summer



By RUTH MEEKER

First Prize

THE morning was exceedingly warm, the summer had come and scarcely a breath of wind blew across the fields where the men were working. At the house everything was quiet. A woman of about fifty years of age was scrubbing the porch. Her face was lined and wrinkled, and her lips were compressed into hard lines. Finally she stopped working and, pushing her hair back, stared sourly at the golden sunshine. "Land sakes," she muttered, "this here weather makes me so tired of workin'. Here I've jest done the same old work year after year for 'bout twenty years and I haven't had a single holiday. I'm jest that tired. Hiram is so sot on gittin' money, he can't think of nothin' else. I'm jest sick to death of it all. I guess maybe I'm goin' crazy but I would like to go fishin'." She sighed and went on with her work but her mind was elsewhere. Soon she stopped and said, "I'm an old fool I s'pose, but I have got a notion to go fishin' and that's jest what I'm agoin' to do. I aint goin' to tell Hiram 'bout it either." A sparkle came into the woman's eyes as she bent over her work.

At noon, Hiram came wearily in to dinner. He was a tall, lanky man with a good-humored looking face. As he sat down he seemed to notice, for the first time, the lines in his wife's face. Her eyes, too, looked dull and tired. "Mandy," he said, "hadn't you better drive into town or somewhere this afternoon? You've been lookin' kind of peaked lately. A drive would do you good." Mandy shook her head silently; she couldn't think of giving up her fishing trip.

As she was tying on her bonnet, after dinner, she said again, "Mandy Harris, you're certainly an old idiot but you're jest bound to go fishin', aint you? You'd oughter be ashamed of yourself." Nevertheless, she dug out her husband's fishing rod (which was quite old and rotten) and started forth. When she got to the creek, the cool, fresh air, and the water gurgling lazily along, soothed her temper and she almost pitied her husband laboring in the hot field. She soon

caught several fish; the excitement brought a flush to her cheeks and the dullness faded from her eyes. She pushed courageously through the brush and paid no attention to her torn dress. She finally emerged from the brush into a secluded spot to which the sun could not penetrate through the leaves of the trees. Mandy felt instinctively that there would be many fish in the pool before her. The waters were very clear and extended down to unknown depths. In this place she landed many large trout.

Back in the hot field, Hiram toiled industriously. Strange to say, he too, was thinking of his life. "Here we've been," he thought, "workin' our heads off month after month and year after year and when you come to figure it all out what does it amount to after all? First we had to pay off that there mortgage and after we done that we wanted to buy that forty acre lot over there and that meant more hard work. Never any good times at all. I wish Mandy wasn't such a nail-driver to work. She don't like it at all if I want to do anything but hard work all the time. Work, work, work, that's all I hear. Now, I'd give anything to go fishin' this afternoon. It's jest the right sort of weather, too. I s'pose Mandy'd have a fit if I'd go. I've got a notion to go anyhow, that's what I'll do. I can sneak up to the house and get my rod and Mandy won't see me." Suiting the action to the word, Hiram slipped softly into the house. Long and quietly he hunted for his rod but it was of no use. At last he procured a stout willow pole and set forth. Strange to say, he could catch hardly any fish and he knew that there were many in that creek.

Mandy, meanwhile, had moved further down the creek. She had plenty of time for reflection. She considered her affair pro and con and finally became convinced that it was not wholly Hiram's fault that they had no rest from work. Fish were scarce along here and Mandy soon wandered into the woods bordering the creek. The spell of summer was on her and a restful feeling came over her as she sat down at the foot of a huge oak. The birds singing in the trees, the fragrant odors of the flowers and the feeling that for the time being, she was free, all combined to soothe her to sleep.

Hiram decided that some one had gone ahead of him and caught all the fish. Every now and then on the brush he saw pieces of calico that looked vaguely familiar though he could

not decide to whom they might belong. He trampled on through the brush and passed the place where Mandy was sleeping. After that, Hiram, much to his surprise, caught many of the large speckled trout.

Mandy, aroused by Hiram's footsteps, awakened and returned slowly up the creek by the way she had come. When she arrived at the place where she had caught so many fish, she decided to try her luck just once more before going home. She caught a few trout and at last one of the largest she had ever seen jerked the line. The pole cracked and Mandy hurriedly tried to land the fish; the pole cracked more. A footstep sounded on the dead leaves and looking up, Mandy saw her husband looking at her with a very strange expression in his eyes. Could this be Mandy, he wondered, this woman with sparkling eyes, flushed cheeks and flying hair? Suddenly the pole broke and the fish dived toward the bottom but was still held prisoner by that part of the pole which floated on the water, just out of reach from the bank. Mandy, in her excitement, forgot her astonishment at seeing her husband, and dancing excitedly around him, shrieked, "Hiram! Hiram! get that fish quick! Oh, do hurry!" Hiram was greatly astonished at his wife's behavior but the fishing instinct was strongly in him. Without further thought he plunged into the water and Mandy, hardly knowing what she did, plunged in after him. The two finally managed to get hold of the pole which the fish was jerking vigorously. The trout was a magnificent one and well worth the trouble it caused. The two old people waded slowly to the bank, ashamed to look at each other. At last Mandy said, "I've been thinkin' Hiram, I've been pretty hard on you, mebbe I was more to blame that you 'bout workin' so hard and never takin' a holiday." Glancing affectionately at his wife, Hiram said, "We've both been sort of crazy, Mandy, but now mebbe we've got some sense in our old heads. After this we'll try to make up for the good times we've lost." Despite the cold water and torn garments, Mandy and Hiram went happily homeward, hand in hand.

Bijou



By MARIE SIMPSON

Second Prize

THE dense vegetation, that bordered a small stream of a beautiful island in the East Indies, seemed sighing in the hot wind for the cool of evening. All was quiet and drowsy, and the birds under the green foliage seemed too lazy to sing. By the stream stood a handsome house, built high from the ground, with broad, cool verandas that promised comfort. Wide, soft green lawns stretched from the house down to the thicket, where cultivation ceased. Here vines stretched from tree to tree, and the thick undergrowth was almost impenetrable.

On this hot sultry afternoon, Bijou emerged from the cool depths of the thicket, slowly came across the green lawn and painfully climbed the steps. Several times she had to stop and rest, for her small legs were very tired and her heart beat very fast. The heat under the full glare of the sun was almost intolerable, but another purpose besides seeking the cool shelter of the veranda seemed to animate her.

Bijou was a brown, silky-haired spaniel, with large, mild, patient eyes. Her home was a pleasant one. She had never known ill treatment, surrounded by the care and affection of a kind master and mistress. However, the crowning joy of Bijou's life was the baby, and what a soft, roly-poly, pink baby it was, with such pretty blue eyes and little dimples. Baby and dog were best of chums and constant companions. Bijou watched over her young friend most carefully and her time was never so pleasantly employed as that spent with the baby.

Thinking of her small charge, Bijou painfully climbed the stairs, and now at last she was there, very tired, it is true, but reviving at the sight of the baby in its crib. Placed there for its afternoon nap, sleep had not yet come, and the happy baby was seriously engaged in taking various views of her wonderful toes, and pulling them to see how firmly they were fastened. Catching sight of Bijou, the investigation stopped

and she laughed gleefully. The little dog went at once to the cradle and put her paws on the edge as though assuring the child that all was well now, that she had come. But the baby was not half so serious and thought this a fine joke, clapping its hands together and crowing loudly. Today, however, the dog was in no mood for romp and soon lay down before the cradle and closed her eyes. The baby's disappointment did not last long for it was time for a nap. Soon both baby and dog were asleep.

Peace and quiet reigned. The breeze was quiet and gentle and the bees droned lazily by. There were no grating sounds of toil or industry. All nature seemed resting. But suddenly a scraping noise startles Bijou. A long sinuous body glides from a far corner of the vine covered porch and moves toward the little sleeper. Terror and instinct of self-preservation hold sway in Bijou's little heart. Wild dread of this unknown thing seizes her. Which will conquer, the instinct of ages or devotion to the child? The time is short, already the snake coils, startled by the dog's movement. Who shall say what struggle took place in that doggish heart? What devotion put aside the overmastering desire to fly?

In a second Bijou has thrown herself upon the snake and is caught in its coils. The struggle seems hopeless, but terror and rage lend Bijou supernatural strength and she succeeds in fixing her teeth in the head of the snake just above the eyes. Her teeth sink in and reach the brain. Gradually the coils relax. Savagely Bijou shakes the snake until it no longer shows signs of resistance.

In the struggle the cradle was overturned and the baby thrown on the floor where it lay crying lustily. The poor tired dog released itself from the relaxed coils of the snake and paused at the cradle side to comfort the crying child.

The parents heard the noise of the fall, and very much alarmed at the cries of the child rushed up the steps. There lay the child on the floor, its cheek besmeared with blood. Hastily they came to the conclusion that the dog had hurt the baby. To think this was to act. Looking around they saw the dog still patiently waiting. They saw the blood on Bijou's mouth, and, with a heavy blow, the angry father kicked the dog down the steps. There Bijou lay for a few moments, stunned, then she got up feebly and looked back with wonder, amazement and pain in the mild eyes. The fierce and

angry face above frightened her. And why did that hind leg pain so dreadfully and drag so helplessly? Slowly and painfully she walked toward the thicket by the stream; crushed in body and spirit, she sought a hidden place. There alone and dying, the mystery of birth took place. Vainly Bijou tried to care for the four little brown puppies, which in their eager desire to live, hurt her so cruelly. Her strength was fast failing, her little heart fast wearing itself out.

The parents soon found that the baby was safe, and on righting the cradle found the large snake. In vain they called and searched for poor Bijou but their calls were unanswered. Two days later they found the hidden spot and five little stiff bodies.



Rest



In summer's warm and leafy month of June,
When Blythe birds carol gayly in the trees;
Then do the sweet hours flit by all too soon
When lightly we are fanned by fragrant trees,
And when the drowsy murmur of the bees,
The air pervades and lulls us to repose;
Then doth earth's beauty in our eyes increase.
Nor care, nor sorrow, in our glad hearts grow,
Nature's power, the joy of living on our being flows.
—H. O. '12.

Aeroplanes in '34



By EMIL PAULSON

Third Prize

WHAT is this?" inquired Frank of the postmaster as the last package was handed to him and which proved to be a very heavy one.

"THAT," answered the postmaster, "is the monthly wages for the men of the C. D. & B. R. R."

"Oh, that's so. I had almost forgotten that today was the 30th," replied Frank as he proceeded to put the money in a safe place aboard the "Monsit."

At the time, the "Monsit" was one of the largest airships in that part of the country and was a large craft. She carried the evening mail from Harrisburgh, a town of southwestern Canada, to Wilmot, a distance of about 150 miles northward. The "Monsit" carried a crew of nine men, five of which sorted the mail, while one attended to the wireless and made observations, two looked after the engines, and the other, Frank Bennot, was the pilot.

After leaving Harrisburgh about forty miles behind them the "Monsit" started to cross a very fertile stretch of country covered for miles around with forest. To their right and a few miles in front of them could be seen a small river which twined in and out among the hills on its way to the sea.

As they were drawing near the river Frank discerned a small black speck coming towards them in the distance. The speck soon grew larger and Frank knew that it was another aeroplane. He did not pay much attention to it until the wireless operator informed him that they had wired the "Monsit" to stop.

"Ask them what they want," said Frank.

When the wireless man left him Frank looked closely at the approaching aeroplane. He saw that it resembled a police ship, but he could see that her men were not in the uniform worn by the police of that time.

The wireless man returned and told Frank that the answer was, "None of your business. If you don't stop at once we

shall fire on you."

"What do they mean?" asked Frank, getting a little angry at receiving such an answer.

"You know we have about six thousand dollars on board for the men at Wilmot. I think that they must have heard of it. But we must act quickly. What do you intend to do?"

"They look as though they were desperate men all right," said Frank, "but I do not intend to give in to them that easy. Tell the engine men to stand by the engines and the rest to be ready with their guns and we will try to outrun them."

Their enemies soon saw their intention and started to fire at them, purposely missing them in order to scare the men of the "Monsit." Seeing that they would not give in they aimed directly at the ship. After they had fired a few shots they got the range and then some of the bullets commenced to come uncomfortably close. The men of the "Monsit" answered them, but neither side did much harm. The wireless man then sent to Harrisburgh for help.

When it commenced to look as though it would be a race for life between the two, a shot from the black ship struck the "Monsit" carrying away her wireless apparatus and a part of the ship itself. Frank knew that the ship could not last long now, so he called one of the men to him and told him to get out one of the parachutes. He then asked for a volunteer to take the money to earth by means of the parachute. Several were willing and finally Frank selected Jim Craig, the wireless operator, to perform the dangerous feat, because he knew that Jim had a quick mind. "Get into the parachute and when we are directly over the river we will let you drop." A moment later the cord was cut and the parachute shot through the air like a bullet for about two hundred feet, then it opened and dropped easily to the water. Those in the black aeroplane did not see the trick that had been played on them, not even firing at the parachute, although it would have been hard to hit being so small. When Frank saw that the black ship was still following them he knew that the money at least was safe.

After landing in the water Jim swam to within ten feet of the shore and there deposited the money. The next moment he saw the "Monsit" being boarded by the men of the black ship.

Finding that they had been fooled and suspecting the rea-

son of the falling parachute the men of the black ship destroyed the "Monsit," so that she fell to earth and then went in quest of Jim. Jim had made the best of his time and was far from the place he had landed, after having noted the location carefully. The men of the ship saw Jim and landed near by. They tried to get Jim to tell where the gold was but they were unsuccessful. They then threatened to shoot him if he would not disclose the hiding place to them. Jim refused and they were about to carry out their threat when they heard a noise in the air. It proved to be the motor of another aeroplane. Help had come at last for the men of the "Monsit" in answer to the call Jim had sent out.

When they saw the ship nearing them the men of the black aeroplane tried to get away by going in the opposite direction, but they flew directly into another aeroplane which had made a round-about tour. The men were taken prisoners aboard one of the aeroplanes.

Four of the men of the "Monsit" had been killed during the fight and the rest were injured more or less. Jim found Frank unconscious near where the remains of the "Monsit" had fallen. Frank soon came to and together with the bag of gold, which Jim had recovered, they went to Wilmot on the aeroships that had rescued them.



For the Blue and White



By JOE WILLIAMSON

Fourth Prize

ARTHUR was not angry at the captain, but still he couldn't see why he had been taken out of the box in that Petaluma game, right at the time when he had been doing his best pitching. In the game preceding this one, no one could deny that he had pitched rings around anything that Crawford had ever done. And yet—well, Art couldn't understand it, but, to the astonishment of the whole school Crawford had been put in to pitch this game.

Three days had passed since the Petaluma game and the great game of the season was but three days off. Between Santa Rosa High and Analy there had always been the greatest of enmity. For the past three years there had been a great deal of excitement surrounding these games, and this year the two teams were very evenly divided.

After considering the matter deeply and consulting a few of his nearest friends, Art decided that surely the blame must lie at the door of Sam Crawford. He could tell by the look in Sam's eye, when they passed, that he had been up to one of his tricks again. But surely, Art thought, the coach and Crawford ought to "be wise to" his lies by this time, and pay no attention to them.

If this should be the case—if he had been put on the bench on account of another of Sam's lies—Art resolved that he wouldn't show his feelings, but, from then on, in practice, he would play with a renewed vim, and make Carter put him back on the team whether or no.

This was certainly a wise step for Art, for if he had acted "sore" at the captain after what Crawford had told him, things would certainly have been bad for him.

It was the night before the Santa Rosa game and Carter was still undecided about his pitchers.

That night Harry De Bar, Arthur's room mate, came back to school after a couple of weeks vacation, due to illness. He had left school the night before the Petaluma game, and had not yet heard about Art's trouble.

"Well, old man, you'll not see me in the box tomorrow, I suppose. It looks as if I've got my walking papers for sure. Carter put Crawford in the box for that Petaluma game and hasn't said anything to me about tomorrow's yet, so I guess he don't want me." This was about the first news that Harry heard after his return.

"Well, that son-of-a-gun!" Harry threw his cap down on the floor, as was his custom when a little angry. "You know I left here the day before that Petaluma game. Well, down in the "gym," just before I left, I heard Crawford talking to Carter; I couldn't catch it all, but I heard something about throwing the game because he used to live there. It never dawned upon me that they might have meant you. You did go to Santa Rosa last year didn't you?"

"Why yes! But what difference does that make? Does he think I'd go back on old Analy? Does he think I'd ever forget the old blue and white?" Arthur's face grew red and he dug his finger nails into the table on which he was sitting, and stared blankly into the darkness.

"I don't see why he should, old boy, but it certainly looks that way. You see if Carter thought that you were going to throw the Santa Rosa game, that's why he kept you out of that one with Petaluma."

About half an hour before the game Carter came around to Arthur and said, "I guess I'll let Sam pitch today and save your arm for that San Rafael game next week."

If Arthur's eyes flashed at this, it was not his fault, for he tried to control himself. But this was the limit! San Rafael, Bah! This Santa Rosa game was by far more important, and yet he was to save his arm for the San Rafael game!

The umpire stepped into the box and called the game. Crawford was the second man up. "I would like to see him fan if it wasn't for old Analy's sake," Arthur thought as the pitcher took his wind up. But he didn't fan, possibly because he didn't have a chance, for the first ball pitched over the plate was a wild one, and almost a fatal one for poor Sam. He ducked just as the ball dropped, and was hit a terrific blow on the temple.

Time was called to give the doctor a chance to examine Crawford. He pronounced it a pretty hard blow, and the captain knew that if he should put Sam in the box now it

would prove disastrous to the team. Arthur knew this too, he knew that he would now have a chance to prove to the captain that he was not a quitter, as he was the only pitcher left. It is needless to say that when Art took his place in the box, in the next inning, he wore the usual smile on his face.

Until the sixth inning the game went along pretty evenly, Analy being one in the lead when the seventh began. The first ball pitched over in this inning was a fine one and the batter was not asleep either. Crack! The ball started straight over the pitcher's head toward second base. It was a high one and a little to the right of where Arthur was standing, so he tried for it with his ungloved hand. In some way he misjudged it, jumping a little too high, and the ball struck him on the wrist.

It was done so quickly that at first Art thought no one had seen it. But, upon glancing toward Crawford, he saw that he was wrong. Crawford had seen it. Crawford! The very one that Arthur had wanted to conceal it from.

"Surely," Art thought, "He won't be mean enough to take advantage of that."

By the next inning shooting pains were running from Art's wrist to his shoulder. What could he do? He could not give up now, no matter how severe the pains were. Like a flash the thought came to him, the fielders had been doing extremely good work, he would depend on them until his arm should get better. For the rest of the inning he took it easy, almost tossing the ball. Of course everyone hit it, but, due to excellent work of the fielders, it went as Arthur had expected and nobody reached first.

As Arthur walked in to the bench he saw Sam talking to the coach and Carter out by first. He felt sure that they were talking about him. Was Crawford reminding them about him throwing the game? He would show them! He would win this game now or die in the attempt!

When the seventh inning began the score stood six to five in Santa Rosa's favor, but Arthur felt that his arm was a little better. It still pained him, but the numbness was gone from his fingers and, to his joy, he found that he had control of his speedy "in" again, although the pain was so great that each time he threw it it felt as if his arm would drop off.

Still he kept on. Never before had a boy made such a fight

against pain simply for the honor of his school. Once, twice, three times he felt that he must give up, but each time he looked up at the cheering crowd and his eyes fell upon the Blue and White. For her sake he must persevere!

The game was over and Analy was again victor. Arthur felt himself being raised to the shoulders of a cheering mob of boys and carried to the "gym." Oh, how his arm ached! But he was happy now, for he had won the day.

In the dressing room the captain rushed up to Art and took him by the hand. "Good work old man! Fine. Say, Crawford was the only one who saw that lick you got, and I guess you made him feel mighty cheap. He told me all about it, 'fessed up to everything. He said that if he only had your 'spirit' he'd be happy. He is the best friend you've got now, old boy!"



Joe Williamson's Translation of Die Geheisse



Oh, break not bridge, thou tottering friend!
Oh, trembling rock! smash not my bean!
Earth keep your feet! Shine on, oh, sun!
'Till Ruth and I can be made one.

Staff



Maudie Barlow

Lewis Johnson

Mamie Miller

Tom Street

Joe Williamson

Editor in Chief

Associate Editor

Book Editor

Exchange Editor

Manager



Editorial



DID it ever occur to you that our high school, though only four years old, has outgrown all others in Sonoma county except two? There have been enrolled one hundred and fifty-eight pupils this year. While our school has stood well in scholarship, and has maintained a uniformly good name; while its graduates have been well received and have ranked with the best who go to the universities and normal schools, yet the Annual wishes to make a suggestion that is timely.

Why not have a gymnasium? How much time, energy and expense we would save. Trips to Lincoln Hall for an hour's practice in basketball are not attractive to the ordinary student. With a gymnasium and a special instructor in physical culture, all the pupils could have regular training on the schedule hours. Such a course under competent instruction would prevent much sickness, and would cultivate just such a body as every student should have. A sound body is necessary to maintain a sound mind. Then too, how many athletes may be discovered. Our people would be able to meet the other boys and girls in athletics and bring home more honors. Do you think it a dream? No, it is possible and may become a reality. Let the pupils unite in demanding this and be prepared to show that such instruction is needed and would be appreciated and then the Board will also appreciate

its importance.

Another suggestion the Annual desires to make. It is not a question which the teachers would have time to promote, nor would it likely occur to the Board. The patrons should be brought into closer contact with the school. An organization for mothers and fathers and other citizens can be formed where they may meet and discuss the problems which relate to the welfare of the students. The subjects in the course of study should be what the people who pay the taxes want. Too many times persons with good ideas never have an opportunity to explain them to those who have charge of making the course of study. Why not have a neighborhood meeting once each month at the school house and talk over these things? Our high school requires several thousand dollars each year. Why not get together and help determine what is best for the boys and girls who go there? It is expensive even for the members of the school. Does it not deserve some public consideration? Form a patron's club. Learn what is going on in the school and be prepared to recommend such changes as will add to the efficiency of the school. Make the school house one great social center for the Gold Ridge community. What a power it may exert. The Annual is of the opinion that if such an organization were formed and supported for one year, good would result to this community. Questions that did not pertain directly to school affairs could be discussed in such meetings. A meeting to hear some good addresses from an outside speaker, an evening for entertainment simply, an afternoon for social acquaintance only, an hour or two listening to music, vocal and instrumental, any or all of these purposes would be instrumental in uniting the forces in this community. Such an organization could carry on a regular course of lectures and entertainments during the year.

These two suggestions, the Annual is constrained to offer, hoping that they may bring forth good to Analy Union High School.

The Analy Annual hereby makes its first bow to its advertisers.—Our patrons are asked to look over the advertisements in this issue and remember them when they go to market. The business men of this community have made it possible to present to you this admirable paper. The Annual asks you to patronize these people, and help them to become

more prosperous in the future.

The Annual commends the spirit which has appeared in forming a debating team this year. Analy has reason to be proud of the victories, and would propose that next year a literary society be formed in which debating shall have a prominent place. A useful society could be formed to meet in the evening once each week. The work of such a body is so varied that all members of the school could find some congenial work in it. Singing, playing some musical instrument, reciting, reading, giving short dramas, essays, short stories, all as well as debating, form the parts to any good literary society. Boys and girls, form one.

Prizes for Short Stories



CHARLES Reginald Perrier, an attorney of Sebastopol, offered five dollars for the best short story, to be written by the pupils of the high school, provided three other prizes should be offered as follows: two and one-half dollars for the second, one and one-half for the third and one dollar for the fourth. Mr. Harry B. Morris, one of the best known residents of Sebastopol, furnished the money for these three prizes.

Thirty-four stories were written and sixteen finally were submitted to the judges, who were Mrs. Mary B. Williams, Miss Honoria P. Tuomey, Mrs. Ethel Stanley Bernard, Dr. John Talbot, all of this city, and Mrs. Dr. Mallory of Santa Rosa. No one of the judges could tell from the papers which one of the students wrote the stories, and therefore had to make their decisions entirely upon the merits of the stories. Their marks were audited by a committee of the faculty consisting of Professor J. E. Williamson, Miss Kinnear and Prof. J. T. Perigo. The result was as follows: Ruth Meeker, first, Marie Simpson, second, Emil Paulson, third and Joe. Williamson, fourth. The marks showed very small differences. A number of the others came within a small fraction of being included in the list. The judges took occasion to complement the stories in their form and English. The four are all published in this issue of the Analy Annual. Two others, that received high marks, were read at the reception given to the seniors.



Society

Society Notes



ON September 8, 1911, the three upper classes united in giving the Freshmen a hearty welcome. It was in the form of a reception given at Red Men's Hall. A short program was enjoyed by all. The evening was spent in games and other amusements. The enjoyable occasion was closed at midnight, after those present had partaken of daintily served refreshments.

On the evening of February 2, 1912, the Freshmen were agreeably surprised by a combined reception and circus, given in their honor by the upper classmen. The games and dancing were enjoyed, but the event of the evening was the circus. The ringmaster, Chas. Newell, led the procession, followed by "The Red Headed Band," whose music was admired by all. The menagerie consisted of elephants, trained monkeys and birds of every description. Other features were the snake charmer (Mabel Newcomb), the wild man from Borneo (Charles Rogers), the organ grinder with his trained monkey (Joe Williamson), and the flock of birds led by Maude Barlow.

The upper classes were given a return reception on May 18, 1912, by the Freshmen. The event took place in Red Men's Hall, which was artistically decorated. Every one enjoyed himself in dancing, games and other amusements. The punch, served by the committee, was highly appreciated.



Class Roll



Anna Maude Barlow

Iva May Bryan

Howard B. Clayton

John A. Donnelly

Lewis Johnson

Rose Eleanor Lowary

Florence Elaine Maddocks

Ruth Hazel Meeker

Mamie Nell Miller

Hilmer Oehlmann

Ethel Alice Poe

Miriam E. Simpson

Emma A. Street

Thomas Beverly Street

Alma Estella Swain

Helen Frances Thor

Gussie Monica Wedehase

Inez Adele Williams

Joseph F. Williamson

—o—

Class Colors: Red and White

Class Motto: "Be What You Seem To Be"

Class Flower: Red Rose





Alma Swain



Tom Street

Miss Edith Tracy
Class Advisor



Marie Simpson

Hannie Miller



Emma Street



Maude Barlow



Joe Williamson

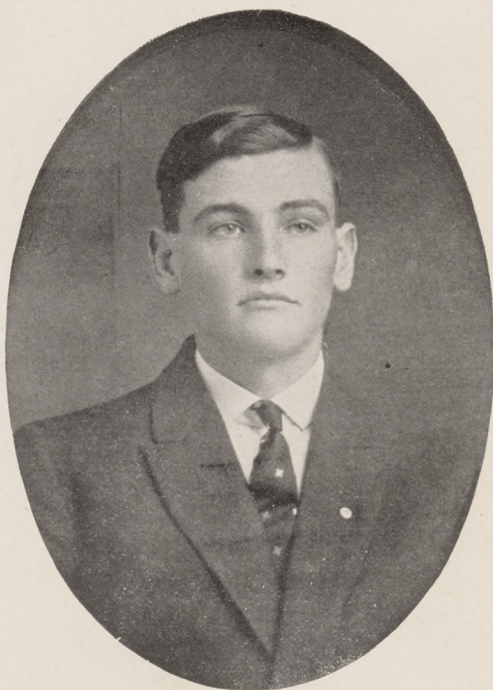


Florence Muddocks



Ruth Meeker

Gussie Wedekind



Lewis Johnson

Rose Lowary



Adele Williams



Ethel Poe



Gilmer Vehlmann



Ina Bryan



Howard Clayton

Helen Thor



John Donnelly



CLASS PROPHECY



By LEWIS JOHNSON

WHEN the task of writing a prophesy for the class of June, '12, came to me I found, after diligent search, that there was not food for inspiration within me. For, indeed, was I not a child of an age to whom Pan was surely dead; and an age whose vision fails to see signs in the heavens or portents in the stars?

How I desired to be in that childhood poetry of life, when dreams wove music into the monotony of every day existence. Thus musing, as I idly turned the pages of a volume of Grecian lore, I suddenly felt a transformation. The cares and worries of this world seemed to drop from my shoulders. A feeling of joy and lightness overcame me. My ears were filled with a strain of weird and melodious music that floated softly through the air.

Suddenly there appeared before me several winged beings. They were clothed in a white raiment and their angelic expression proclaimed them to be occupants of another world. As they drew up to me the music, which had grown fainter, ceased. In unison they bowed low before me and spoke in a soft and distant voice: "What wouldst thou? Command. We shall obey!"

Once more the worries of this world assailed me and again

I thought of the unwritten prophesy. Then I thought, why not seek aid from these strange creatures bowed to my will? "Take me," I said, "to the place where I may look into the future of my classmates." They arose and beckoned me to follow them. My body seemed, without any effort, to slowly rise and follow the aerial beings. I found myself being borne in the folds of a cloud, swiftly onward, while beneath us lay the world stretched out in all of its glory.

The lands of the earth passed from our sight and there appeared to us the fathomless deep, misty and mournful. Then below us floated a green shore. The air, vibrant and light, filled our nostrils. Hills and valleys stretched away, laced with silvery streams. Over our heads was a dome of such wondrous blue that my eyes turned from it almost in bewilderment. My winged guides swept on until they were poised above a rocky amphitheater.

Directly beneath us was a little circular valley surrounded by steep rocky cliffs. In the center rose a little stone temple, and in a dusky doorway a black-robed priest shaded his eyes as he watched our approach. Before the door my guides bowed once more and motioned me within.

The dim interior was chiefly lighted from an aperture in the ceiling. In the center was a tripod placed above a crevice in the rock of the floor, from which issued sulphurous vapors, rising in a shroud-like form about an aged, wrinkled woman seated upon the tripod. Her withered body rocked to and fro while strange utterances came from her lips.

I was somewhat startled by the deep-voiced priest asking me what my mission was, and more so when I realized that the language used was that awe-inspiring Greek which had caused so many youthful brows to frown, yet which came to me now as the most impressive of languages. Meekly I told the solemn mediator that in far-away California a group of young people were about to peer into the unfathomable future. My mission was to seek knowledge of the destined futures of my classmates.

With a grave shake of the head he spoke for a moment with the solemn priestess. I thought that the mention of California, with this leap through thousands of miles and centuries of time, would startle the priestess, but she only smiled a grim smile that might better be called a grimace and immediately she began a weird chant.

"A pigtail, a pigtail, waveth before me, and behold, he holdeth to a pigtail; while with him the other learned one holdeth also."

My heart gave one tumultuous bound, for instantly that weird prophecy was interpreted to my mind, made wondrous keen by the atmosphere of classic Greece. Hilmer Oehlmann and Ethel Poe, in happy wedlock, I saw, guiding the dark-minded, heathen Chinese to a higher plane.

Barely had the priestess ceased chanting when she began to sway from side to side very excitedly. The meaning of her facial expressions and body contortions was instantly made plain to me by a vision. It was that of a dance hall. Helen Thor and her assistant, Marie Simpson, were going through the movements of a very artistic dance called the aerial whirl. The pupils were somewhat puzzled by the various motions, but the intricacies of the dance were soon made plain by their adept teacher. Surely the dancing she has done in the assembly hall of Analy High School will aid Helen in her future vocation.

Again the priestess was chanting: "A dog, a hairless dog; a man, a hairless man!"

Oh, wonderful seer to thus give me a vision of Ruth Meeker, a great chauffeur of Paris. No more popular car than hers; none so noted for its wide slaughter! Yet never a fine will she pay. A smile on her ruby lips, a glance from her sparkling blue eyes, and the judge dismisses the case.

A hoarse croaking noise from the withered lips startled me, and I listened with beating heart for the words to follow. But no words came, and at once I knew that none were needed. The croaks revealed to me that Florence Maddocks will expend the strength of her womanhood in catching frogs for market, that delicacy becoming more and more popular.

"Strange," said the mournful voice of the priestess, "passing strange! Yes, a pair of trousers they are." The fate of John Donnelly was fixed by those words. In that age which lies before us he becomes a dressmaker, an art altogether deserted by woman, and struggles earnestly for perfection, and must not be discouraged when his first dinner-gown turns out a pair of trousers.

"A hole, a hole I see, and about it a substance dark and clammy," grimly spoke the priestess.

At once I knew that Gussie Wedehase, since the prophetess

saw her doughnut, was to become head of a famous cooking school for young men, situated in the great city of Sebastopol. In that time into which the seer was peering woman scorns the humble tasks of cookery, devoting herself to politics and kindred attractive vocations. The men, in despair, begin to have the youths trained to fill the vacant kitchens. A few kind-hearted matrons deign to teach the boys the mystery so long unsolved by man. Gussie, becoming one of these, soon leads the profession.

Associated with her in this work is Rose Lowary. Although not so well up in the technicalities of this great art, Rose comes in handy sometimes in sitting on the covers of the bread pans when the dough threatens to overflow. Comparatively few deaths result from their concoctions, and all fishing tackle requiring heavy sinkers use their doughnuts.

"Hair, hair, long flowing hair, floating to the breeze," came the solemn tones of the priestess.

No one could be mistaken in the reading of the portents of those words. I saw Adele Williams, a famous biplane driver, who, in a raging whirlwind, loses all her wondrous tresses—an awful misfortune which results in a great blessing, for she will secure a blonde wig, which will attract to her the patronage of royalty.

Slowly the priestess began again to chant: "Yellow, yellow, all delight, means the use of pick and shovel from morn till night."

These strange words portrayed to me the golden future of Joe Williamson. Isolated from mankind in the far-away land of Australia, he becomes an ardent seeker of gold. The picture showed Joe bending over a frying-pan cooking supper. As I watched he calmly twisted his wrist and a large half-cooked pancake rose in the air. It serenely turned a somersault and landed neatly in the waiting pan. I was surprised by this act of cleverness, but I presume he had learned it through long practice. Joe, himself, was pleased, for I noticed that he fondled his drooping, sandy moustache with evident satisfaction.

"Cabbages, cabbages, wondrous sweet, tended by a spinster neat," muttered the priestess.

At once I knew that the spinster could be no other than Alma Swain. She had been much interested in agriculture. As this interest grew, she forsook matrimony in order to

pursue the calling of her life, that of raising cabbage.

"A dairy ranch, I see, and Lo! two beautiful milk-maids working there," spoke the wonderful prophetess before me.

I was delighted by these words, for I had often wondered what the future had in store for Emma Street and Mamie Miller. The picture before me now was that of a dairy ranch, situated in a fertile valley of western Sonoma county. Emma and Mamie had always been fond of cows, so I was not surprised to see them working here. As the picture began to fade from view the artful Mamie was "making eyes" at the dairyman. The picture so quickly vanished that I could not tell the result of her wiles, but let us hope for the best.

"Sells Floto! Sells Floto!" the voice of the seer was high-pitched and shrill like that of a circus barker.

Before me was a vision of the Great Sells Floto Circus. In one of the side shows was the "Fat Lady." Imagine my astonishment when I saw the "Fat Lady" smiling upon the gaping crowds and recognized none other than my classmate, Iva Bryan.

After the many death-defying and heart-rending acts had been witnessed, a large portion of the crowd remained to see a reproduction of "Macbeth" by a troupe of professional actors. I was greatly amazed and delighted when I saw that the leading lady was Maude Barlow, who had aspired to fame in Senior dramatics.

"The sun is hot, the sands are wide, but great is the boot that thrusts him from the door." The voice of the priestess was sad and sympathetic.

As I listened to these words, a picture formed before me. It was that of a freight train, moving slowly across the desert of Southern California. As I watched, a door was thrust open and a gentleman of leisure somewhat violently seated himself upon the sands of the desert, aided by the boot of a brakeman. I caught sight of the scraggly black beard of the wayfarer, and tears came into my eyes as I viewed the end of Tom Street's once glorious future.

When I saw the size of that cruel, hobnailed boot, strong memories awoke within me and I knew that brakeman was none other than Howard Clayton.

As this picture faded, my startled eyes, fixed on the form of the aged priestess beheld a strange sight. The swaying form grew to great height and bent over me with withered

hands spread as in benediction. Then becoming more and more dim vanished into nothingness. A shiver passed through my body as I realized that it was all gone; wonderful Greece, wonderful messages had vanished, and here I was a twentieth century youth again seeking inspiration from the past. But wonder of wonders, clasped in my hand and indeed written in my own writing, was a document in the Greek language. This, with much toil and effort, I have translated for your benefit, that my classmates might be enlightened by this gem of ancient wisdom.



Class History



By RUTH MEEKER

WE graduate tonight! "Impossible," "incredible," and "that surely can't be true," are the cries of unbelief I hear around me. But it is true and as I write it my mind goes back over the past four years. Yes, it was with the birth of Analy that the class of June, '12, started out. In the fall of 1908, the year that Analy High was established, we bravely set out on our search for knowledge. What a timid, frightened bunch of us there was; twenty-one of us and each one ignorant of high school life and of what was expected of us. Gradually we became established in this new home, which at that time was the basement of the Sebastopol grammar school building. We had some little difficulty in getting settled, but, thanks to our wise instructors, succeeded well. We were paid little attention. There were no haughty Seniors to put awe in our hearts and the Sophomores and Juniors had troubles of their own. So we survived the Freshman year, encountering few difficulties in our studies and having few pleasures, for the school was young.

The second year we started in bravely flying our colors of red and white. There were twenty-three of us now, some of us having been wrecked on the shoals of Latin and Algebra, while others had entered our class. The handsome new building that we had this year amply made up for the difficulties of the year spent in the grammar school building, which we had left with slight regret. Our troubles were heightened now by encountering that old foe of Sophomores, Caesar. Geometry might have troubled some of us but for our wise instructor. Memorable of this year are the two Freshman receptions.

Gaily we started forth on our Junior year, now numbering twenty-four. This gaiety was of short duration. Worse than Caesar and Algebra and all the horrors one can conceive was physics. We had never imagined that any one of us could work so hard before. However, we dug steadily at it day after day and surely no one was sorry when that year was finished leaving the victory in our hands. To make up

for this grind there were many jollities. Prominent in our minds are the two Freshman receptions, the return reception by the Freshmen, the cooked food sale where the class of June '12 won many laurels by their candy sale. Then there was the reception our class gave the Seniors, a concert, a trip to Mount Jackson and other pleasures too numerous to mention. This was surely a banner year of jollities, always excepting that monster, Physics.

Now the last year comes to my mind. At last we had acquired the state of dignified Seniors. Surely "he who knows, and knows that he knows," is a Senior. Some of the original class had dropped out and there were but twelve left of those who had started in 1908. However, we had acquired others and altogether numbered nineteen. The first class to graduate that has been with Analy four years—that distinction is ours. As we near completion of the four years' course, our troubles grow less and we are joyous once more. Among the pleasures of this year that come most vividly to my mind are the receptions given the Freshies, then the reception and dance given the upper classmen by the Freshmen. Surely the Senior picnic given on Russian River by the Juniors was a pleasure long to be remembered. Professor and Mrs. Williamson entertained the class of June '12 at their home, where a most enjoyable evening was spent. The professor met us at the Congregational church where he showed us some beautiful colored views of California. Other pupils of the school were present and enjoyed this treat. Then there was Twelfth Night, presented by the Seniors, which occurred just before graduation.

Now our work is complete and our minds turn toward the future. Tonight we receive our diplomas, the symbol of knowledge for which we have been searching and which are to help us far on our own way into the future world of greater knowledge. Tonight we leave Analy forever and surely no one can wish her more success than this, her charter class of June, 1912.

Class Will



By EMMA STREET AND MAMIE MILLER

WE, the class of June '12, being of sound mind and not acting under undue influence or fraud, and realizing that our days in this hall of learning are rapidly drawing to a close, for the personal benefit of those left behind us, do publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

I. To the faculty we leave our gratitude and heartiest appreciation for their kindness and patience in assisting us to complete our course.

II. To the juniors we leave our good example of patient, hard working, long suffering, much enduring students.

III. Realizing that such a thing is needed, we bequeath to the freshmen and sophomores, a well arranged code of etiquette, which has been prepared only after long and right experience and careful observation. This should be tacked up in some conspicuous place and referred to before any banquet, reception or other social function.

Rule 1. Never deliberately and with malice aforethought, walk up and stand on a person's foot when conversing with her.

Rule 2. If you are at a reception, never go to the kitchen and hunt a couple of spoons; and, having given one to your lady, go up and eat the fruit out of the punch.

Rule 3. When you don't know what else to do with your hands, don't stand and pick at the buttons on your partner's dress.

Rule 4. If you are dancing with a lady and conversation lags, don't ask her what brand of face powder or perfume she uses, or how much it costs her per ounce.

Rule 5.. It isn't polite for a lady to ask a man how much his suit cost, or where he bought it, or whether he shines his shoes himself or hires it done.

Rule 6. If you are dancing with a lady and she requests that you use your handkerchief, never draw it out and blow your nose, but remember that the handkerchief should be in the hand at the lady's back so as not to soil her dress.

Rule 7. If you are about to sit down to the table by a lady,

never say, "May I sit on your right hand?," as chairs are usually provided and besides, this is too much to ask of any lady.

Rule 8. Never stir the tea with your finger, as it would sometimes be found to be uncomfortably warm—and besides it doesn't look very nice.

Rule 9. When you enter a room and all the chairs are occupied, never walk up and tip anyone on the floor without warning them.

We think these rules will be very useful and trust that they will be appreciated.

As individuals we make the following bequests:—

I. I, Tom Street, bequeath my office as president of the student body, to him who is capable of executing that office as I have. My pretty brown curls I bequeath to Lawrence Smith, trusting they may form an attractive frame for his little face. My skill for compounding odoriferous messes in the chemistry lab., I leave to John Bertoli, hoping he may prevent it from becoming a lost art. My moonstone pin I will to Dorothy Maddocks.

II. I, Alma Swain, bequeath my stately appearance to Gertrude Paschich. My dignified manner I leave to my freshman sister, Georgia, trusting that it will give her more of a personality. My secret for getting senior dues I leave to the president of the next year's class, wishing him, or her, good luck in the enterprise.

III. I, Ruth Meeker, do bequeath my graceful amble to Harriet Fyfe. My habit of flirting, and all my coquettish ways I leave to Grace Libby, knowing that she will make the best of them. My ability to shine in recitation I will to Lawrence Ristau. My violet eyes I bequeath to Dorothy Maddocks.

IV. I, Iva Bryan, leave my pretty black eyes to some freshman, thinking they might be of great use in their favorite occupation, "queening." My shy manner I leave to some of the freshmen girls, thinking it might make them more attractive. My numerous rats, puffs and other articles which go to make up my elaborate coiffure I leave with good wishes to Orpah Kelly.

V. I, Howard Clayton, leave my original interpretations of fourth year English to some member of next year's class, hoping that through them they may work Mr. Williamson

as I have. My part in athletic activities I bequeath to George Bertoli, thinking it may be more of benefit to him to engage in a few of these sports, which have won me my fame. My expressive eyes, I will to Bessie Scheidecker.

VI. I, Hilmer Oehlmann, bequeath my debating ability to Russell Taft, trusting that he may make good use of it. My shy, retiring ways I leave to Jack Bower. My habit of disputing with the faculty I will to that body, realizing that it would be more pleasant for them if that accomplishment were not in circulation. My large supply of tie pins I leave in the physical geography locker, to be divided among the senior girls.

VII. I, Gussie Wedehase, bequeath my giggle to Eleanor Walker, remembering that she seldom makes use of that accomplishment. My pretty black tresses, I leave to Ivy Burroughs, believing that they, being so near the same color as her own, will make a most elaborate coiffure possible. My heavy gold bracelet, I leave to Chas. Newell, with permission to give it to the next object of his much divided love.

VIII. I, Florence Maddocks, on this very solemn occasion, do bequeath my unusual ability to do original sketches, to Mae Dodge, which, with her natural amount of originality will in time, bring her great fame. The supply of notes which are usually scattered over my desk, I will to the school to be put on file, so that those few who have not yet had them, may have easier access to them.

IX. I, Marie Simpson, bequeath my fondness for study to Anita Laton, realizing that she has a tendency to shirk. The hearts I have broken, I leave to my closest friend. My attractive and winsome manner I will to Florence Burns.

X. I, John Donnelly, leave my baby talk to any freshman who can make himself understood, in order to keep him from becoming too superior to his classmates. The golden freckles, which are so numerously scattered over my little nose, I bequeath to Lawrence Smith, trusting they may form an attractive addition to his own. All the secrets, found out from the girls sitting to my left, I expect to keep in the innermost recesses of my heart. No heirs need apply.

XI. I, Adele Williams, bequeath my habit of studying during the noon hour, to someone who doesn't know any better. My attractive smile, I leave to the freshmen girls to be used as they see fit. Realizing that I am so talkative, I leave

this art to Edna Ristau.

XII. I, Helen Thor, bequeath my cheerful disposition to Mabel Newcomb, hoping it may improve her pensive attitude. My hair ribbons, I will to the freshmen, thinking they may be an improvement. My aversion to the opposite sex, I will to Myra King, remembering her coquettish ways. A collection of forty or more notes, I leave in the desk opposite Arthur Sweetnam, from which he may draw one a day so as not to get lonesome.

XIII. I, Ethel Poe, bequeath my inquisitive disposition to Jack Davidson. My fondness for making original suggestions in American history class, I leave to my friend, Pauline Van Vicel, trusting that it may continue to supply an unlimited supply of mirth in the class. My much cherished pencil box, I bequeath to anyone who can learn the combination. My good nature and cheerful disposition, I bequeath to "Funny" Winkler.

XIV. I, Joe Williamson, realizing that my day is close at hand, do bequeath my originality and poetic ability to Wilson Hall, to be used in framing epistles to certain fair ones. My brilliant hosiery, I leave to Warren Woolsey, requesting that he show them as much as possible. My big, white sweater, I will leave to Grace Libby. My failing for the opposite sex I leave to Ernest Focha.

XV. I, Lewis Johnson, do give and bequeath my popularity, among the freshie girls, to Theo. Thomas. By the permission of Tom and Joe, I will my favorite retreats to anyone who can get as much real enjoyment from the roof and other weird corners of the attic, where all conversations from the rooms below may be heard through the pipes.

XVI. I, Rose Lowary, leave my superb pink and white complexion to Grace Disher. My noisy and clamorous ways I bequeath to Ruth Hair. My blue and striped dress, I leave to Silver Strout, with full instructions of how and where to let it out, if it is found to be too tight as I am sure it will be.

XVII. I, Maude Barlow, realizing that my day is at hand, do bequeath my failing to forget things, to anyone who is so unfortunate as to take it. My favorite joke, which all my friends have heard, I leave to my freshman brother to be told at any time he sees fit. My piercing black eyes I will to Gertrude Farrell that she may have some means of squel-

ching her admirers. My skill as a basketball player, I leave to Jean Scott.

XVIII. I, Emma Street, bequeath about ten inches of my unnecessary height to Albert Batten. I leave my failing of boisterously shouting in German recitation, as well as my habit of taking naps at that period, to Mabel Newcomb, hoping she will please Miss Tracy as I have. My fantastic style of hair dressing I bequeath to Lucile Williamson. My cute ways I leave to Veda Mills.

XIX. I, Mamie Miller, do give and bequeath my natural failing to make eyes to Stewart Alves. My ability to play baseball I leave to Babe Ames, which with his own ability, should win him a great name. He has permission, as well, to divide this skill with Lawrence Ristau. My aptness in physics experiments, with a resistance box, I leave to Julia Walsh or anyone who can learn the art.

We desire the above to be duly executed, and so as the executor of this, our last will and testament, we appoint Mr. Harford, knowing that he will promptly attend to every detail.

(SIGNED)

CLASS OF JUNE, 1912.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of:—

FLORENCE MADDOCKS

RUTH MEEKER



Class Horn



By JOE WILLIAMSON

Stone upon stone, stone upon stone,
We've wrestled firmly into place;
And never was there heard a groan,
Never a whimper or a moan;
'Twas always with a smiling face.

Combined endurance, strength and skill,
And fear of failure in our task;
All, coupled with joyful will,
Have joined us in our work until
Our mansion is complete at last.

Each day some massive stone we scanned,
Too large, too ponderous for one;
We joined together in a band
And each one gave a helping hand,
And easily the task was done.

Extreme precaution did we take
To build our mansion not too high;
She will not tumble spite the quake,
No matter how the earth may shake
She'll stand there smiling at the sky.

Is it not worth the labor spent
To have a home in which to rest?
A well protected battlement,
A mansion built with true intent,
A mansion ranking with the best?

And yet this is not all we prize,
Not only rough stones have we laid;
But close to our hearts there lies
True fellowship, increased in size
By tender sympathy and aid.



SCENE AT RUSSIAN RIVER TERRACE
(Courtesy of A. B. Swain)

HOROSCOPE

NAME —o—	APPEARANCE —o—	HOBBY —o—	REDEEMING FEATURE —o—	AMBITION —o—	FAVORITE SONG —o—
Maude Barlow	Stately	Lecturing	Her Hair	To be a Co-ed	I'm The Only Star That Shines on Broadway
Iva Bryan	Quiet	Candy	Her Gentle Way	To Keep House for Two	Naughty Eyes
Howard Clayton	Jovial	Queening	His Smile	To Live up to Mr. Williamson's Opinion of Him	Does Your Mother Know You're Out?
John Donnelly	Good Natured	Coming Late into History.	Tiny Freckles	To Be a Chauffeur	Casey Jones
Lewis Johnson	Boyish	Girls	His Eyelashes	To Become an Am- bassador	In the Moonlight With the Girl you Love
Rose Lowary	Robust	Chemistry	Her Hands	To be always Peace- ful	If You Only Will
Ruth Meeker	Petite	Flirting	Her Eyebrows	To be a Society Belle	Could You Learn to Love a Little Girl like Me?
Mamie Miller	Athletic	Baseball	Cupid-bow Mouth	To Behave During Study Periods	Beautiful Eyes.

Florence Maddocks	Bashful	Horscope	?	To Get a Man	Stop! Stop! Stop!
Hilmer Oehlmann	Slim	Debating	Intellect	To be a Ladies' Man	Sweet Marie.
Ethel Poe	Determined	Holding Hands	Bandeaux	To go on the Stage	If I Only Had a Sweetheart
Emma Street	Coquettish	Boys	Her Dimples	To Become a Prima Donna	Beautiful Doll
Tom Street	Manly	Tormenting	His Opal Ring	To Teach the Younger Generation	All Alone (?)
Marie Simpson	Dainty	Industrious Pursuit of Studies	Attractive Manner	To be a Stump Speaker	Kiss Me
Alma Swain	Sublime	Collecting Dues	Class Pink and White Complexion	To be Something	I'm Going to Do What I Please
Helen Thor	Tailored	Bluffing	Eyes	To Go Abroad	Experience
Gussie Wedehase	Winsome	Drawing	General Appearance	To Own an Art Gallery	I Want Some One To Flirt With Me
Adele Williams	Dreamy	Brilliant Recitations In Latin	Profile	To Marry a Millionaire	Dreaming
Joe Williamson	Unsettled	Starting Things	His Angelic(?) Expression	To Pass the "Fifinals"	Blondy

Class Songs



By ALMA SWAIN AND JOE WILLIAMSON

(Tune: Rag Time Violin)

1.

Schoolmates dear, schoolmates dear, will you listen here,
While we tell you of the class of June, 'twelve?
Goodness! How we bluffed it, bluffed it, made our records
just the same.

So can you, so can you, do the same thing, too;
Bluff it through, Bluff it through, as you've seen us do,
You will sure believe us when we tell you, try to graduate.

CHORUS

Hurry up, hurry up, try to graduate,
You can do it, put your mind down to it;
Right now you'd better begin,
And work some more with algebra and Latin,
Hurry up, hurry up, try to graduate,
You can do it, put your mind down to it,
Hus—hus—hus—hustle and try to grad—grad—grad—u—ate.

Cast your eyes o'er this bunch standing here so gay,
Hustle up, take the hunch, start right in to—day.
Dive right down into it, do it, don't you see what we have done?
See us here, bright and clear,
Work forever through,
Take the hunch, join the bunch, you can do it too,
But we've got to beat it, try and meet it, what we've left for
you.

CHORUS

By JOE WILLIAMSON

(Tune: I'm All Alone)

1.

Farewell Analy, farewell Analy,
We're going to say good bye,
We're going to go away from here,
Far away from Analy dear.
Farewell juniors, sophs and freshies;
Comrades, do not sigh,
We'll come back, you need not fear,
To Analy, bye and bye,
Though we're going to leave tonight,
We'll keep our thoughts of Analy bright.

CHORUS:

We're going to go, going to go,
Everything is done up brown;
And our hearts are aching,
'Cause our leave we're taking
From a school who never, never was forsaking.
But, why grieve? Though we leave,
Leave with a heart so true,
We'll be thinking of you
Ever thinking of you,
Dreaming of the dear, dear old White and Blue.

CHORUS:



By EMMA STREET

(Tune: You'll Do The Same Thing Over)

Four years ago to this high school there came
Freshies so fresh and so green!
It's hard now to admit it
But thus are all freshmen we've seen.
The stare of the senior was meekly endured
And of freshness to juniors we quickly were cured.
Now all our work is through;
Freshmen, there's still hope for you.

CHORUS:

But we are going to leave you,
Dear Analy High; well you may sigh,
For with this class you're losing
Friends on whom you may rely.
But we're leaving a record behind us,
A height to which you may all climb.
We are going away,
Yes, we leave you today.
Analy, dear Analy, good-bye.

After four long years of toil and cram
Well we have finished our work.
The final tests we've finished,
But don't think we'll ever shirk.
Still striving on with one end in view
To do our best, what we found here to do
In the world we still labor on,
Reaching the goal of the true.

CHORUS:

Presentation Speech



By ALMA SWAIN

YOUR Education consists of two parts—what you learn by yourself and what you learn from others. Both parts are valuable, but with most people the second is by far the most extensive. What we learn from others is obtained very largely through the reading and studying of books. We must take up further and special preparations for the work to which we are to devote our lives, and for which our High School education has been the foundation. Graduation is the opportunity to choose our life work.

We are now ready to enter the fields of higher work. We are not the first nor yet the last, we hope, to be graduated. As the two preceding classes have left to the school some memento, we too, desire a place in the memory of our fellow-students and of the teachers who have guided us so faithfully.

It has been the custom for the classes upon graduating to present the school with some form of a gift which would not only keep the members of the classes in the memory of those then in the school and those who are yet to come, but would also be the means of beautifying the study hall.

That we may express our gratitude and appreciation, we wish to leave behind us a token of permanent value to the school.

We present our school with a gift representative of one of the world's greatest poets.

He was essentially a man of noble and estimable character and was obviously of most kindly and lovable disposition; his pleasurable wit and good nature made him delightful as a companion.

The lofty eulogy of Dryden, "He was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul."

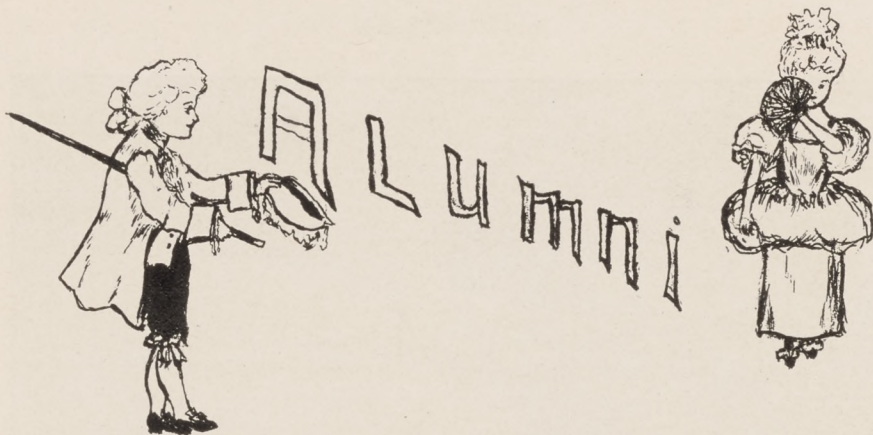
As dramatist, he is admittedly in the world without a peer; as poet, there are but one or two names in literature even to be named beside his; and dismissing his claims in either kind we have in his works such a treasury of wisdom on all matters of human concernment as no other writer has ever left to

the world.

This is a cast of one who was honest and of an open, free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions. His fine, high-bred face, expressing his splendid character, will not only be an ornament to our study hall, but an inspiration to the students. For these reasons we have chosen a statue of him who gave us a "Portia" a "Desdemona," a "Hamlet," a "Brutus" and scores of other characters true to nature.

It is with much pleasure and great satisfaction that the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve present to Analy Union High School this bust of William Shakespeare.





CHARLES WIGGINS, '10, attended McMeans' Normal School in Santa Rosa and, having successfully passed the teacher's examination, is now teaching on the coast near Bodega.

Bright Street, '10, who has attended the San Jose Normal for the last two years, will graduate this June. He will start to teach this fall.

Rena Bonham, '10, who has attended California University for the past two years, was married recently to Mr. Rodney Allen. Se is now residing in Riverside, Cal.

Blanche Moran, '11, married Mr. James G. Garrison last April and is now living in Marysville, Cal.

Ray Johnson, '11, having passed the teacher's examination with the aid of a course at McMeans' Normal, is now teaching at Bodega Bay.

Ernest Hansen, '11, is attending the college of the Pacific at San Jose. He is taking a special course in engineering.

Evelyn Sweetnam, '11, is attending the San Jose Normal School.

Adelia Payne, '11, has finished a post-graduate course at Analy High.



SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT,"

Dramatics



ON Wednesday evening, June 5, "Twelfth Night" was presented on the campus of Analay Union High School, by the seniors with the aid of the student body. The setting of the play was the park of Lady Olivia's country home and the beautiful grounds of the high school were well suited for the purpose.

Alma Swain took the role of Olivia, the lady, and certainly she won merited praise for the manner in which she acted. Viola, the heroine, was acted by Maude Barlow. She was equally good in her boyish attitudes as well as in her girlish mannerisms. Sebastian, portrayed by Tom Street, was a big success and his remarkable likeness to Viola was one of the good things of the play. Joe Williamson, as the lovesick Duke, was one big success from beginning to the end. His noble, manly bearing and good acting won instant approval from the audience.

Chas. Newell and Harold Morrison, as Toby and Sir Andrew, were howling successes. In addition to these comedians there was Malvolio, acted by Bertram Bower; Maria, the maid, who was Adelia Payne; Fabian, acted by Walter Cole; and the clown, Kneeland Fuller. They all did exceptionally well and kept the audience in a continual uproar.

Mr. Frank Greene of Santa Rosa was the musician and sang the original Shakespearean music. Many thanks are due Miss Tracy and Mrs. Frank Greene for their assistance in coaching the actors.

The cast of characters was as follows:—

Sebastian, brother to Viola	Tom Street
Antonio, a captain	Moore Sweetnam
Viola, sister to Sebastian	Maude Barlow
Sea Captain, friend to Viola	Theo. Thomas
Orsino, Duke of Illyria	Joe Williamson
Curio, gentleman attending Duke	Geo. Bertoli
Valentine, gentleman attending the Duke ..	Ralph Wiggins
Sir Toby, uncle to Olivia	Charles Newell
Maria, maid to Olivia	Adelia Payne
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Harold Morrison
Feste, a clown	Kneeland Fuller

Olivia, a rich countess Alma Swain
 Malvolio, steward to Olivia Bertram Bower
 A Singer, musician to the Duke Mr. Frank Greene
 Fabian, servant to Olivia Walter Cole
 Officer Howard Clayton
 Priest Lewis Johnson

Gentlewomen attending Olivia:—

Florence Maddocks
 Mamie Miller
 Ruth Meeker
 Emma Street
 Gussie Wedehase



School Notes



TRIP TO DILLON'S BEACH

THE annual trip to Dillon's Beach was taken on the twenty-fifth of May. The crowd, of about sixty, was taken over in three of Mr. Benepe's wagons, the first two leaving town very early, and the third just far enough behind to aggravate those of the first wagons, who were waiting patiently at the beach for lunch.

Mr. Harford chaperoned, or rather accompanied the first wagon. Miss Tracy, the second, and Mr. Williamson, the third. The trip down was a very pleasant one, but could not compare with the fine time everyone had after we arrived.

After the lunch, which the senior girls had prepared, was served, the crowd wandered away to different secluded corners of the rocks and sand hills and enjoyed themselves immensely.

A few of the bravest went in swimming, but the water was too cold for the most of us.

The questions, given to the class before starting, by Miss Tracy, were answered, and the announcement that the wagons were leaving for home came much too soon.

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

BEFORE the close of school, June 1911, the students met and elected by Australian ballot system the offi-

cers for the following term.

The officers elected were as follows:

Tom Street—President of the Student Body
Moore Sweetnam—Secretary of the Student Body.
Mr. Williamson—Treasurer of the Student Body.
Charles Newell—Yell Leader.
Ralph Wiggins—Athletic Delegate.

The only change in the officers for the second term were Verne Towner, yell leader, and at this time Maude Barlow and Joe Williamson were elected as editor and manager of the high school paper, respectively.

With good judgment on the part of the president and hard work by the secretary, the past year has seen an exceptionally prosperous and eventful administration.

The election of officers for next year occurred June 7, and resulted as follows:

Ralph Wiggins, president; Bert Bower, secretary,
John Bertoli, delegate to athletic league; Charles Newell,
yell leader.

o

LECTURES

MR. FISHER of San Francisco addressed the school one day this term. He gave a vigorous speech urging the students to earnest effort and honest work which they have since put into practice.

November 23, 1911, Professor Harford lectured on "How to Debate," a subject of much interest to all about that time.

Later, February 26, 1912, Rev. W. P. Rankin delivered an address in our assembly hall. His subject was "Builders."

One morning we were very greatly benefited by a lecture from Dr. Talbot on "Germs." He showed many specimens which very clearly illustrated his talk.

On May 14, 1912, Prof. O. W. Washburne, of Berkeley, gave an address on the advantages of a school located away from the attractions of a large city.

o

OUR RALLY

ON a certain afternoon last term all the students met in the assembly hall for an exciting time. Tom Street

took the chair as presiding officer.

All gave some good familiar yells and then proceeded to have speeches. It was the day before our first debate so the captain of that team was heard first. Next came a stirring talk on school spirit by the yell leader.

After a few more speeches and yells the rally closed, but the effects were strongly felt the next evening in the attendance and response to the yell leader.

—o—

THE JUNIOR PICNIC

THE Junior class of the Analay Union High School had decided some time ago that something worth while should be done in honor of the Senior class. By the process of elimination the 30th day of May was chosen as the most appropriate time, and Summer Home Park, the most delightful place. The following plan brought forth the reality: A joy ride, by electric car, to Forestville, and a more joyous one by "carriage" to our destination, a distance of about six miles from Forestville.

Incidentally the fair ones of the junior class were to provide lunch for everyone consisting of "ham and," lemonade and cake, pickles, and pure mountain water dispersed in collapsables. The braves were to foot the bills.

Everything took place on strict schedule time. Setting aside small matters, such as the eats and drinks, and the limited rambles as negligibles, we came to the last layers in the box, the boat rides and swimming stunts. The latter were done with so much skill and gracefulness that the fish family turned green with envy.

But no occasion is complete without an episode. When a boat containing seven individuals became unmanagable and turned turtle, precipitating five of its occupants into the swift current under a low bridge, tossed one sprawling on top of the bridge and suspended another mid air, hung by one hand gripping the end of a plank, with nothing but blue sky above, and the rushing waters beneath, you have an episode indeed. But if four of the number thrown in the water were girls, you have a stranger situation.

But since "All's Well That Ends Well" nothing but pleasant memories linger as compensation of a day most delightfully spent.

THE SALE

ONCE each year, about St. Valentine's Day, all the students work. Yes, it is really labor, but such fun. Each class erects a booth in its respective corner in the hall, passed down from one class to another, but each year different. This year the seniors' corner was red and white. They sold the cakes, sandwiches, cocoa and coffee. The juniors' was purple and white with all kinds of home-made candies. The sophomores', white and gold, selling pies, cookies and tarts. Lastly came the freshmen in Green and white with Boston brown bread, baked beans and salads.

The friends began to arrive at three. By six everything was sold. We were all working for our school and did not begrudge the labor.

MUSICALS

On February 2, we were very pleasantly entertained by a splendid violinist, Mr. Chapin of Santa Rosa, and Mr. Bent an equally good musician accompanied him.

Just a few weeks ago we were again surprised by an hour of singing by Mrs. Friend of Sacramento, accompanied by one of the junior girls, Anita Iaton.





A.H.S. SEBASTOPOL, CAL. CLASS '1918.

Athletics



Baseball for the Season of 1912



THE baseball season of 1912 was started by our boys in fine new suits. These suits were dark blue with white trimmings. Owing to the lack of practice and many changes made on the team, they were not able to win any games until late in the season.

The one triumph of the season was on Saturday, June 1, when Analy crossed bats with the Grangers from Sebastopol. The game was rather one sided and ended with the score of nine to one in favor of Analy. Dr. Goldberg had offered a silver loving cup to the winners of this game, and so it was with much pride that the captain of the team, Geo. Bertoli, received the cup and carried it safely to Analy high school.

Mr. Nickerson has consented to coach the team next year and it is hoped that more spirit will be shown by the boys, and that the season of 1913 will be a success for Analy.

The final line up this year was as follows:

Lawrence Ristau and Babe Ames, pitchers; George Bertoli, first base; Joe Williamson, catcher; Lawrence Ristau and Babe Ames, second base; Moore Sweetnam, third base; Buck Bertoli, short stop; John Donnelly, right field; Theo. Thomas, center field; Wilson Hall, left field; Adrey Bertoli and Walter Kerr, substitutes.



BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

Boys' Basketball



WELL, girls. We hate to "rub it in,"—but who gets the pennant this year?

Out of the seven games we've played we've won five. Let's see, girls, how many have you won? No, we won't be that mean, we'll just say that we get the pennant and let it go at that.

But let us add that we intend to keep it next year. There is still room for improvement, and next year we are anticipating even better results. Three of the old team left us at the first of the year; this proved a great handicap. Towards the end of the term, however, when the members of the team became better used to each other's playing, we enjoyed very satisfactory results.

The following games were won: one from Company E., two from Sonoma High and one each from Petaluma and Gold Ridge. The two games that were lost were with Santa Rosa and Petaluma.

With practically this same team we are hoping no more than that we are going to gain even greater laurels next year. The players of this year's team are as follows:

Lewis Johnson, forward; Ralph Wiggins, (manager) forward; Moore Sweetnam, (captain) center; Geo. Bertoli, guard; John Bertoli, guard, and Jack Davidson, sub.





BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls' Basketball



BASKET BALL. Who said basket ball? I expect you, who are reading this are wondering what can be said of it this year, and I wonder, too. Perhaps some of the girls who were so conspicuous by their absence can give us some information as to why our "would-be" victories always resulted in defeats. I have no desire or inclination to compare this year's defeats with last year's victories, except that it may arouse the school as a whole to the importance of athletics.

As a student, I'm ashamed to think of the defeats Analy has this year suffered. As a player, I'm proud to think that the team held its own as well as it did, and that seven girls at least turned out and did their best. But the rest! Where were they? They were very busy at practice time, but the morning after defeat they were very much in evidence. Victories in basketball, like victories in anything else that is worth while, aren't just a "happen-so," they are the result of previous hard work, and in the case of basket ball, hard practice. They mean the whole school taking an interest and doing their share, not just a few. Turn out better next term girls, and let everybody be ready to fight for Analy. Don't let seven girls bear the whole burden of defeat.

How proud of Analy you were when she won her debates, and how we all hate to think of her defeats in basketball.

Again,—who said basket ball? Let her come forward, and I will most thankfully pass over to her the task of dressing up those "would-be" victories of this year's team.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Debating



ON DECEMBER 8 was held the first league debate of the year, and the last for Analy. The debate took place in our high school building and an enthusiastic crowd of rooters supported the team from start to finish. The question was, "Resolved, that the powers should reduce their armaments and settle international disputes by arbitration." The affirmative was held up by Santa Rosa, whose speakers were Ruth Wright, Hattie Brandt and Chester Case. Analy was represented on the negative by Karl Kennedy, Maude Barlow and Hilmer Oehlmann. Since to win this debate meant further chances for the cup, and to lose it, meant the destruction of those chances, the decision of the judges was awaited with considerable interest by both teams. The Santa Rosa debaters were very much elated and our own team proportionately depressed when it was announced that there were two votes for the affirmative and one for the negative.

Wishing to have another chance at Santa Rosa, although chances of winning the cup had been lost in the first debate, our team challenged Santa Rosa for a debate of the Single Tax question. This was during the first part of the year and Santa Rosa, being busy with the preparation of another league debate, was unable to accept our challenge, but promised to debate with us on the question to be chosen for the final debate with St. Helena. This question was, "Resolved, that an amendment should be added to the constitution providing for the recall of the judiciary." Analy chose the affirmative, and on April 26th, the team went to Santa Rosa and debated that question. Santa Rosa's speakers were Alfred Shelton, Roy Simpson and Chester Case. The speakers from Analy were Adelia Payne, Marie Simpson and Hilmer Oehlmann. We felt that the debate was by no means a "walk-over," but we were certain that the unanimous affirmative decision was merited.

On May 10th our school debated with Sonoma High on the question, "Resolved, that Parcels Post should be established in the United States." Represented by Lucile Williamson, Marie Simpson and Hilmer Oehlmann, Analy supported the

affirmative and won by a comfortable margin. This was the last debate of the year.

This is Analy's first year of debating and two victories out of three debates indicates a fair possibility of the cup reposing in Analy's office next year.

In speaking of debating, it would be hardly fair to omit the valuable aid received for the team from Mr. Harford. Experienced in the analysis of argument, as well as in its delivery, Mr. Harford has been a great help to the debaters and there is no reason why we should not turn out a winning team next year.





THE DEBATING TEAM



EXCHANGE

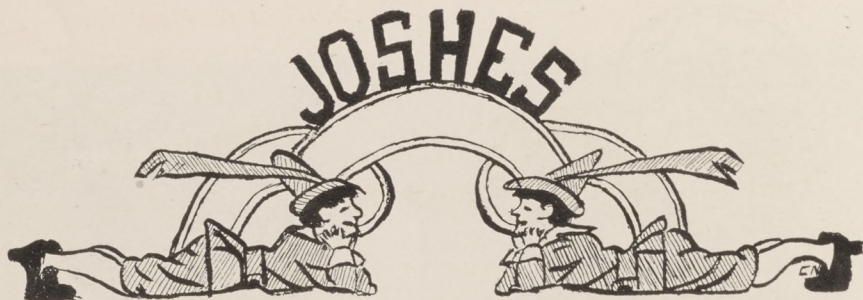
THE Echo, of Santa Rosa, is well arranged and its cover designs are good. Get up a larger paper though, Santa Rosa, and put more life in your work.

Cardinal and Black, Clear Lake Union High School. You have a good paper, your stories are good and material well arranged, more cuts would improve it though.

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg. We like all your paper but the ads in front.

The Golden Bear, Sonoma. As a whole your paper is good, you have a very suitable name for it. Your josh column could be improved on, however.





ORIGINAL AND OTHERWISE

In my early years of high school Miss Smith used to teach me that Iodine died of love, but now Miss Kinnear says iodide of potassium.

Question:—What would an A. U. H. S. girl do if M. Sweetnam should kiss her?

Answer:—Why she'd simply holler "Moore!"

Miss Smith:—Lester, name one of the lesser Gods of Heaven.

Lester W. :—Cupid.

Miss Smith:—Well, go on. Tell about him.

Lester:—He is represented blindfolded, and goes around making love to men.

Ivy B. :—Is your hair naturally red?

H. Morrison:—No! The stork got off the road and brought me through Hades with my hat off.

Prof. to Freshman spelling class:—Take the first twenty-six words to fumigate.

Mr. Perigo (in drawing room to R. Short, who obscured some of the drawings):—Mr. Short, you are too long.

Freshie:—Mama, may I go out and play?

Mama:—What! with those holes in your clothes?

Freshie:—No, mama, with the boys next door.

Arthur Sweetnam says:—Socrates taught the doctrine of the immorality of the soul.

Ralph Wiggins, in physics laboratory:—The wire is burning out. I hear it smelling.

Our school according to a student of Greek Mythology:—

(When Mr. Wm. Son has charge of the room)—Heaven.

(When Miss Tracy has charge of room)—The Earth.

(When Miss Kinnear has charge of room)—The Sea.

(When Miss Smith has charge of room)—Hades!

Teacher:—How do you dare to swear before me?

Freshie:—How did I know you wanted to swear first?

Pedestrian:—Do you know a man around here with one leg named Smith?

Lewis:—What's the other leg named?

“Why don't you get up and give your seat to your father, Bobby?” reprimanded the lady. “Doesn't it pain you to see your father reaching for the strap?”

“Not in a car,” chuckled Bobby, “but it pains me to see him reach for it at home.”

There's lots that we don't understand about the things that are;

Did you ever see a Lyon go right up and board a car?

Or have you seen a Miller chase a Maddocks down the street?

Or have you seen our Bess Shy-deck'er self up so neat?

When some one ran down Wilson Hall,

Then did you see Mae Dodge?

And then there are some other things that we would like to know:

How can Jessie be a Batchelor,

And if it is really so.

We heard that Harri--eta Fyfe,

And Walter was a Kerr,

And that little Ruth is Meeker

And fears Lillian will Harmer.

How can Clarence be a Bower,

When in German that means farmer?

And how can Alma be a Swain?

Or Hilmer an Ole-mann?

We heard Moore Sweetnam had a Payne

But he took it like a man.

If Florence goes near Walter Cole

Do you think that Florence Burns?

And do you think that Linwood Ames

To love each girl by turns?

There is a real menagerie

With two Beetles and a Hair.

And Nellie is one Fur--long and
Still is very fair.

But we would like to know just this,
Before this speel is done,
If Ivy ever Burroughs,
And if Jack is David('s) son.

Miss Kinnear (Alg. 1.):— Now, a man couldn't run his
automobile minus 12 miles an hour, could he?

Smart Freshman:—Yes, he could run it backwards.

Tho high school days
Have their delights,
They can't compare
With high school nights.

Alexander:—What are your ideas regarding the final Latin
exam?

Davidson:—I don't know! Ask Disher, she sits next to me.

Wiggins (after kicking Winkler on the shin). Did it hurt?
"Funny":—Naw, I was just laughing at a joke I expect to
hear tomorrow.

Sophomore:—Did you take a bath?

Freshie:—No, is there one missing?

What's the difference between a barber and a sculptor?

Answer:—A barber curls up and dyes, and a sculptor makes
faces and busts.

They went to Dillon's beach.

They were seated on the sand.

The moon shone on the water.

He held her little

Umbrella handle.

He held her little umbrella handle,

How fast the time flies.

He spoke in words of love;

He gazed into her

Lunch basket.

He gazed into her lunch basket,
He wished he had a taste.
There sat the lovely charmer,
His arm about her

Shawl.

His arm about her shawl,
This charming little miss,
He drew a little nearer
And slyly stole a

Sandwich.

Clerk:—Will you have Mennen's?

Lady:—No, I vill haf vimmen's!

Clerk:—Will you have it scented?

Lady:—No, I vill take it mit me!

Miss Kinnear (in chemistry):—Mr. Street, tell the class all you know about match making.

A freshman asked a junior:—"Say I want to cut. Can I do it without asking?"

He passed his arm about her waist,
The color left her cheek;
But on the lapel of his coat
It stayed about a week.

Little grains of sawdust,
Little strips of wood
Treated scientifically,
Make the breakfast food.

Professor:—Boys, tobacco makes men ugly, short minded, idiotic, paralytic, odoriferous and weak minded. I can tell you this from experience, for I have smoked for many years.

Miss Smith (dictating):—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Freshie:—"It's under my seat but I'm not using it."

“Harriet, take the life of Napoleon.”
Harriet:—“I can’t, he’s dead already.”

WHAT KIND OF MACHINE?

He:—I have a new machine.
She:—What size needles do you use?
Narcissa:—I got a pearl from an oyster.
Etta Barnes:—Oh, that’s nothing. My sister got a diamond from a lobster.

The junior wise saw something green
They thought it was a freshman class
But when they nearer to it drew,
They found it was a looking glass.

Buck Bertoli (in Mediaeval Hist.):—After Richelieu died he appointed Mazarm his successor.

Miss Tracy:—What were the crusades?
Student:—They were a wild and savage people till Peter Hermit preached to them.

BLANK VERSE

!—? ———.
—————, ———?
“—————; ———!
—————?”

A dog stood on the railroad track
The train was coming fast;
The dog stepped off the railroad track
And let the train go past.



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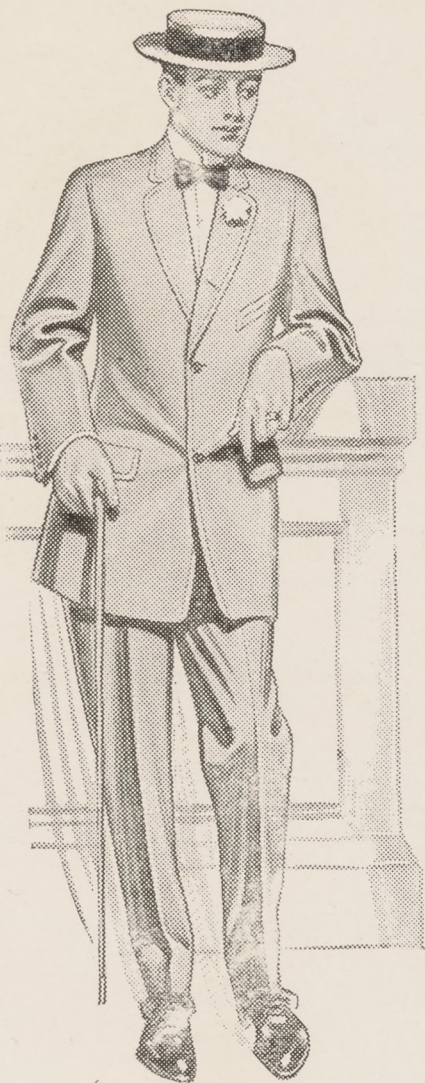
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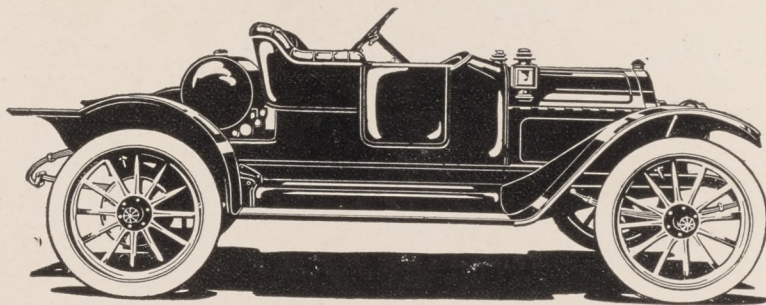
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